
Title: Scribed in Trance

Author: A Relict Lord

...the dark half of a pair
will she be born. Older
than her lighter half,
ages hence from now.

...her parents will she
murder. Her sister will
she hate. The lands will
part and flee from her
poisoned roots.

O're the flesh, into myth
she will pass. Return she
will with memories past.
The death of us all will
be thereby fortold...
The raven hair'd girl with
the stars in her name
shall wreck the world
under the banner of a
perverted ideal...

The Ideal of Chaos, once
proud and true, trodden
into the ground and
twisted into the depths...

Can the ideal be rescued,
can the world be saved...
the sisters can not be
parted from the world
alone, this much is true...